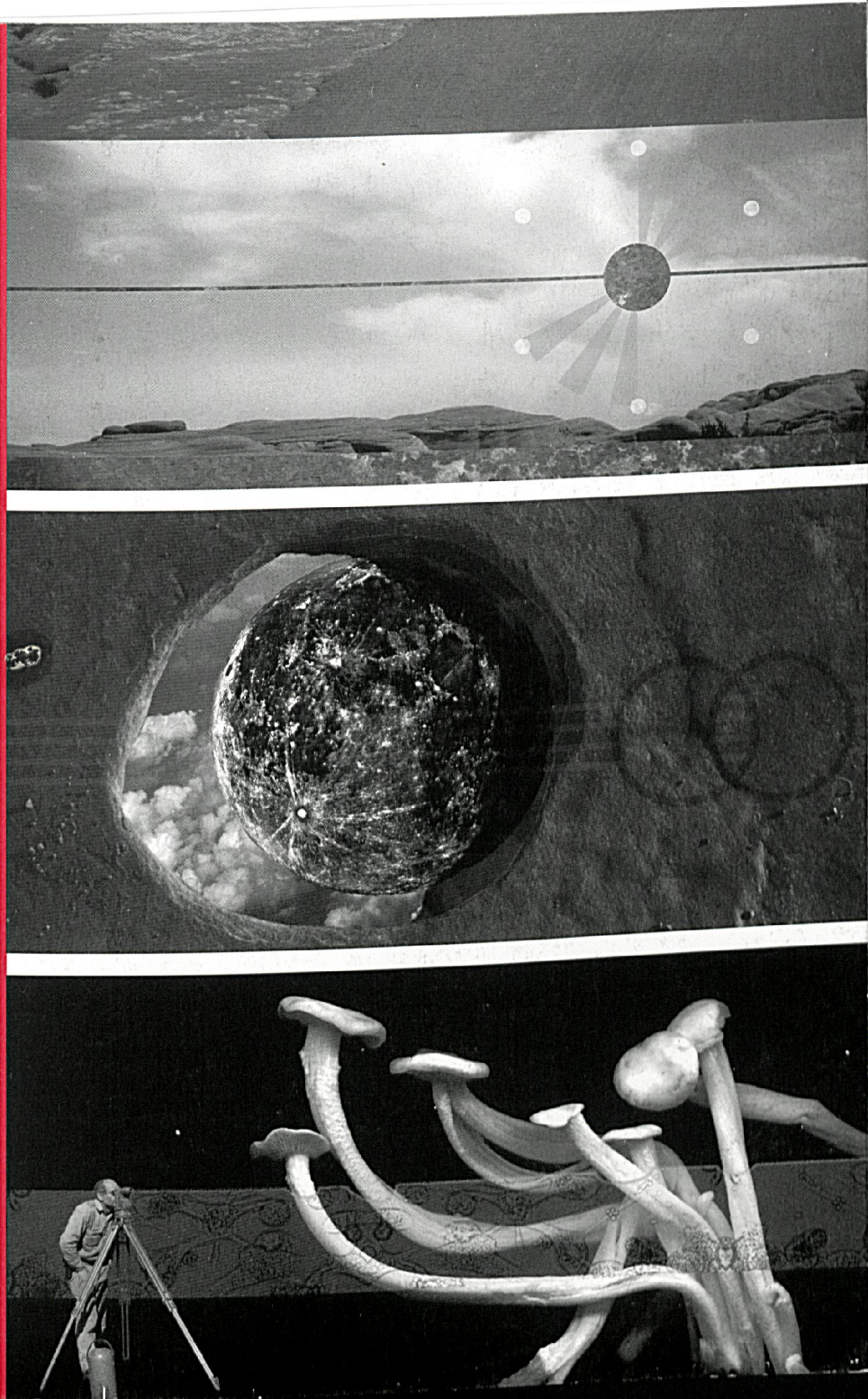


you are here

the journal of creative geography

Volume 7, Summer 2005



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you are here is an independent, annual publication by graduate students in the Department of Geography and Regional Development:

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On the cover: "Ancestral Memory" (top), "Bison's
Refuge" (center), and "In My Sights," (bottom) by
Bridget Z. Sullivan. Original images are Durabright ink
on watercolor paper.

Inside back cover: "Lake," photograph by Virginia
Huntgate-Hawk

- p.5 "Map," ink drawing by the Bees
- p.12 "Grass," photograph by Jessica Fanzo
- p.14 "Beach," etching by Virginia Huntgate-Hawk
- p.23 "Skies," photograph by Jessica Fanzo
- p.29 "Dune," photograph by Jessica Fanzo
- p.31 "Desert Walk," photograph by Virginia
Huntgate-Hawk
- p.44 "Crack," photograph by yah staff member
(incoming co-editor) John Baldrige
- p.45 "Kayaks," watercolor by Virginia Huntgate-
Hawk
- p.47 "Lake," photograph by Virginia Huntgate-
Hawk

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*Note: Please see inside cover for
all artwork credits.*

Editor's Note

Welcome to the 7th volume of *you are here: the journal of creative geography*. As this year's journal came together, a theme appeared that connected many of the pieces about place: what does it mean to call a certain place home? What makes the familiar loved, and how does home change as we do? How do our memories reconcile the snapshots we have—of moments with grandparents, the smells of rust and the paper sounds of unpacking dishes in a new house—with our current realities? When is a home lost; when it becomes abandoned, its empty windows simply mirrors for passersby? When people who made a place are forgotten? How do we imbue a new place with meaning so that it becomes home?

In the following journal you will find glimpses into past lives, present hopes, and future dreams based in place, as authors and artists attempt to capture slices of time and hold them in midair, a magic trick that Fanzo captured in her picture of a dune-jumper. On the cover are three images from Sullivan that jar our conceptions of the familiar, yet pull us into another appealing perspective. We continue the journey by examining familiar symbols in Towne's "Saguaro Expose," a photographic essay and commentary that questions the ubiquitous appearance of a regionally-specific species, the saguaro cactus. Wingfield brings us to his boyhood refuge in his essay, "Salvage," and from there we can explore an abandoned home in Cadieux's poem and pictures of a ghostly cottage. In Stoeckeler and Weber's "Porthole Views" and Cadieux's "Postcolonial Conservatory Camellias," we are presented with unfamiliar places made personal through experience, and in Gillispie's "Thamesland" and Gillispie's "War in Iraq" we see familiar places made foreign by the aspects of confrontation brought into them. In "Thamesland," confrontation enters the landscape with excessive restrictions on space, and in "War in Iraq," with the knowledge of distant violence while we go about everyday things. A violence of a different kind—natural, by flood, in Hopkins' "Destruction Gets Done"—is particularly poignant following the

hurricane devastation that has racked Gulf Coast communities, and brings up another theme, that of homes lost. Scott explores lost (and forgotten) homes and populations in "Burial Rights," describing how eternal resting places are displaced and history paved over near San Francisco. "Ozette Suess" also addresses history—that of ecological communities in Washington—in a unique poetic form that also serves as an ode to Dr. Suess, and Duwe's "On the Edge of the Rim" takes us back in time even further, to an archaeological dig in Northern Arizona. Global political issues motivate the work of the Bees, whose work is introduced here; the global becomes local as they use the profits from their projects to restore their home in Maine. Historical relationships—with those we love, and with our ancestors, who have placed us where we are today—appear in Frey's pieces, "Duet" and "Naming," and we are left to wonder what happens when we diverge from the path that our culture and religion have dictated we should take, and instead forge out on our own. The journal ends with images from Hirst, in "Four: Trail, 2004" an impression of the natural world filtered through a creative lens, and with Huntgate-Hawk's landscapes, which reveal scenes that remind us of somewhere we have been, sometime, and leave us with a feeling of hazy nostalgia.

The pieces in this issue of *you are here* evoke memories of places and people we have loved, and inspire us to reconsider the places in which we make our homes. Through writing, photography, etchings, and other creative expressions, the artists whose work fills these pages depict places as more than just physical spaces. Rather, places are homes—multi-layered, steeped in history, much loved, well-remembered—and shared here with you, the reader. I hope you enjoy exploring this issue as much as I have!

Susan L. Simpson
Tucson, AZ
101° F



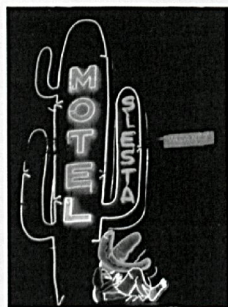
"Map," the Bees

Saguaro Exposé

Douglas Towne

For a moment, ponder the question: "What entity best symbolizes the American West?" The region's vast diversity of landscapes, wildlife, cultures, and historical lore assures a spirited debate. Indeed, synthesizing the West into a single symbol is an exceedingly tricky, though insightful, proposition, undertaken in order to better understand our image-driven society.

Popular responses to this question might include leaping salmon, snow-capped mountain peaks, fierce Indian warriors, and, of course, the ever-present cowboy atop a bucking bronco. Likely outdistancing all these charismatic images would be but a single plant: the saguaro cactus.



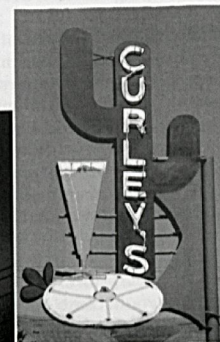
People worldwide are familiar with this giant green succulent and connect it to the American West. No other symbol has this power to instantly evoke the region by the mere shape of its outline. Many consider this celebrity cactus a living embodiment of the West. What is especially ironic is that the saguaro is native only to a small part of the American West—the Sonoran Desert of southwestern Arizona—where it thrives on rocky slopes with southern exposures. Cold winter temperatures to the north and extreme aridity to the west in the California desert halt the plant's geographic range.

And yet these extraordinary cacti have managed to unearth themselves from the Sonoran Desert to wander the West—and the world—and can be found "growing" throughout the region and globe on signs. A wide variety of businesses, in particular Mexican restaurants, have adopted the saguaro symbol as part of their marketing repertoire. These enterprises are eager to capitalize on its fame and Western associations. In the advertising realm, what inevitably sprouts is a saguaro with two upright arms, as if the cacti were being robbed at gunpoint. Former University of Arizona art professor Warren Anderson has humorously referred to these cartoon-image creations as "bandit victims." The plant's marketability derives from this stereotypical form.

"Wandering" saguaros are particularly plentiful in other Western deserts or grassland areas devoid of charismatic signature plants. The saguaro's placement in these areas appears natural to the botanically unknowledgeable who have the impression that these cacti grow in any arid landscape.

The stereotypical "bandit victim" form is recognized throughout the world; however, the saguaro has left behind some important items in its migrations—most notably its name. Saguaro came from mispronunciation of a Tohono O'Odham word, "suh war' oh," and becomes "saguaro" in Mexico and the Southwest. Elsewhere, the stately saguaro is more generically known as the giant cactus. Botanists, though, refer to it by its scientific name, *Carnegiea gigantea* after the philanthropist and patron of science, Andrew Carnegie. Even those in Arizona cannot quite agree on how to spell this cactus's name. Saguaro is the most common version, though its original spelling, sahuaro, is also popular. Rarer versions include the perhaps unintentionally amusing "suhara cactus" found on vintage postcards.

An interesting dichotomy emerges. While this distinctively shaped plant has virtually worldwide visual recognition, its difficult-to-pronounce-and-spell name is largely unknown. Outside the Sonoran Desert, the commercial magic is in the saguaro's profile; within its native range the name articulates a sense of regional identity.



Salvage

Andrew Wingfield

Carl Fowler was a wizard. He resurrected dead machines, brought them purring back to life. He transformed ghoulish heaps of wreckage into neat stacks of green money. In his "shop," a rusting tin structure that stood at the entrance to his salvage yard, he conducted elaborate rituals of tinkering and talk, casting strong spells over males of all ages. Whenever people gathered at Carl and Ruby Fowler's place the men and boys would start on the carport next to the house but would inevitably migrate out to Carl's shop. This quiet, cavernous, work-worn interior was the right kind of shell for people who never came out of theirs. Surrounded by Carl's tools and gear, passing the bottle he kept in the lever-handled fridge, the men would puff smoke and chew the fat, surveying the busy workbenches where Carl's vices clamped down on works in progress. The place smelled of dust and bourbon and butts, oil and engine parts, kerosene from the furnace that heated it in winter. Nothing cooled it in summer.

Carl Fowler, the maestro of machines, the high priest of salvage, was my grandpa. My parents brought my sisters and me from California to visit him and our grandmother on the outskirts of Sedalia, Missouri most summers. To me his shop was a hallowed place. Yet the shop was really just the point of entry, a portal opening onto a world more marvelous than anything Disney could ever conceive. My great hope, whenever I visited the shop, was that Grandpa would decide to fire up the little John Deere tractor he parked inside. He would climb onto the cheek-holder seat, I'd hop in the trailer behind, and off we'd go down the pitted dirt lanes that wound among the rowed husks of cars. What stories,

what sorrows in the jagged window holes, the stripped innards and bared chassis, the rusting bumpers, the weedy grilles, the tireless wheels, the badly mangled bodies of those wrecks!

Cottontails had colonized the place, nesting beneath the picked carcasses of cars and darting across the lanes from one brushy tunnel to another. Any rabbit that crossed our path risked a rain of bullets from Grandpa's .22. I was a great friend of the ammunition makers, but when the old wizard wielded his thunder stick we often brought Grandma fresh meat to fry. We might flush a covey of bobwhites as we worked our way back to the falling-down house where copperheads were rumored to nest, then over to the low bluff above Muddy Creek. Here we would sit quietly a while, content to watch turtles sun themselves on snags. Still, Grandpa kept the rifle handy: he was not above shooting any fish foolish enough to forsake the sheltering deeps. Once or twice I scrambled down the bedspring ladder to collect a slain gar.

It was no mean feat, shooting fish from that distance in the brown waters of Muddy Creek. And it's not much easier drawing a level bead on the actual salvage yard through the murk of time past, beneath the reflecting surfaces of my family's many stories, my own contending impressions. What do I know of that place? How do I know it? How can I know it now that my grandfather is under the ground? Now that the shop, the spent cars, the bushes and trees and critters are gone? Now that a barbed wire fence stretches around a green pasture empty of all but a rich man's trophy cattle?

Like people, places die—even when the land remains. The dead live only in what we tell each other, what we remember ourselves, what we salvage with our words.

This I know for certain: my initiation to the salvage yard didn't happen instantly; it was a process that only became complete the summer after I turned ten. That year my family rode the train to Missouri and stayed in my grandparents' red house for two weeks. Every day, morning and evening, my father and I fished Muddy Creek. We'd rise early, before traffic started stirring out on Fifty Highway, and walk with Grandpa back to his shop. Grandpa would open the fridge, take his bottle by the neck and give it five or six strong slaps on the butt, making it bubble and fizz before he unscrewed the cap and took the day's first pull. Then Dad would have a nip as Grandpa set about coaxing the little John Deere to life.

I took comfort in the slow jostling way the tractor moved along the bumpy salvage yard roads, the musk of warm Missouri morning laced with Grandpa's Lucky Strike smoke. The engine rattled too loudly to talk over so no one spoke, which suited me fine, busy as I was scratching my chigger bites and soaking in the pleasures of the ride. Without covering a great deal of ground, I sensed we were going great distances in feeling and time. While my three sisters, my mother and grandmother slept back at the red house, I was out on an expedition with the men. Away from the highway and the paved frontage road. Away from the snug house and mowed yard. Back into this magical middle ground of dead machines and teeming vegetation and furtive animal life. And then back even farther, back past the falling-down

house where I fancied my mother and father had been raised, living in an ancient, mythical world where women bore babies in dim bedrooms and men killed what their families would eat.

Beyond the salvage yard, at the outer limit of Grandpa's property, Muddy Creek lazed. Grandpa would shut off the tractor when we reached the low bluff, bringing back the quiet. Dad and I would descend the bedspring ladder, load our gear into the waiting aluminum boat, and set off to check the limb-lines we'd baited the evening before. Grandpa's arthritis was bad enough by then that he had to stay behind. He would wait on the bluff until we came back with a stringer for him, then head off to clean the morning's catch and putter in his shop while we fished our series of holes.

On the surface these sessions were meant to educate me in some of fishing's finer points, but the fishing was mostly a means to some deeper schooling. I was a California kid, the suburban son of a professional scientist. I was growing up amid ball fields and built-in pools, while Dad's youth had played out on and around a thousand Muddy Creeks, places where he learned to set limb-lines and trot-lines, where he gigged frogs and wing-shot quail, where he knew birds by their songs, which snakes to stay away from, where to smoke and cuss with a rascal cousin and where to hide from a raging father. He brought me here as an immigrant takes a child to visit the mother land. A cross, taciturn man at home, he opened up on Muddy Creek, taking my errant casts in stride, patiently undoing my frequent tangles as he told me

stories about great float trips he had taken, answered my questions about what squirrel tastes like, how snakes pass the winter, how owls see at night.

I tuned in closely to Dad's tones and turns of phrase. He could wither me instantly with a rebuke, and he could puff my sails full of fresh wind with the colorful language that rolled from his tongue as he eased back into his old country. A strange person was nuttier than a peach orchard boar. A buck-toothed person could eat oats out of a Coke bottle. An unruly person was wild as a March day.

And being with Dad on Muddy Creek? That was better than dancing with a fat girl.

My next trip to Missouri happened about a year after my father moved out. The summer before I started high school, my mother decided some time with Grandpa would do me good. On the plane ride to Kansas City, my first solo flight, I soothed my nerves with fond memories of the salvage yard. But I arrived in Sedalia to find Grandpa's world even more changed than mine. The previous spring he had sold the red house and the salvage yard acreage to Olin Howard, who owned the quarry and ready-mix outfit just up the road. Grandpa had shut the salvage yard gate for good, planning to live on Social Security and the interest from the land sale. Olin had found renters for the red house while Grandpa and Grandma moved into the gray house next door, a little two-bedroom place that needed work.

The heat wave they teased me about bringing from California lasted that whole summer. Because of the weather, we would get up early every morning to work on the gray house before the heat of the day. By this time the arthritis had crippled Grandpa to the point where he could hardly grip his wrenches and pliers. His skin tore like tissue paper and the

slightest knock bruised him badly. It pained him to drive a nail. Thus I supplied the brawn for our morning sessions, he the brains.

We would normally work until Grandma called us for lunch. Later in the afternoon we would take a run, Grandpa's phrase for getting in his old Dodge sedan and going someplace. Most days we headed in to Leo's Budweiser Bar, his watering hole on Sedalia's dying Main Street, where he would order a shot and a beer and I'd have an RC. He'd give me quarters for the jukebox and, if things were quiet, agree to a game of eightball. He had wielded a wicked cue stick in his prime, and though he couldn't execute the delicate combinations anymore, he still saw all the shots and took the game seriously. If any of the current generation's shooters had a game going at Leo's, we sat on our stools and paid attention.

One of the detours Grandpa liked to take on the way home from Leo's was through the gate of Olin Howard's domain, the last place on Fifty Highway before you reached the turnoff for the frontage road. Olin was one of the richest men in that part of Missouri and he displayed his wealth to everyone who passed the property. To the right of his gate stood the big white house where he kept his snooty wife, the pillared porch overlooking a pasture where Black Angus grazed. To the left, in long, tidy rows, gleamed the great trucks and machines Olin's men used to dig and break and haul the rock from which he'd made his fortune.

Olin's trucks would roar back and forth, kicking up the quarry dust, as we toodled along in the Dodge, flitting like a goldfish through a tank full of sharks. We would stop off at Olin's catfish pond, swing by the cow pasture, then proceed to the dump. Anybody else had to pay to extract treasures from the dump, but all of Olin's men knew Grandpa had carte blanche to scavenge as he pleased. He was

forever spying a fan or toaster or TV set that needed a cheap part or a few minor adjustments in order to work like new. It shocked him to see what people threw away.

The smaller items that he snapped up at Olin's suited his waning strength and scaled-back ambitions. He had rigged up a workbench behind the gray house and now did his tinkering there. Olin planned to turn the salvage yard acreage into black angus pasture, but he hadn't touched it yet. The shop and salvage yard remained intact, though much of the old life had leaked from the place. Now and then Grandpa and I would fire up the aging John Deere, rumble through the salvage yard gate, and lose ourselves amid wreckage that had never struck me as desolate before. The cars were four years rustier than the last time I'd seen them; and this summer's drought had done all the weeds out there to a deadly brown. Still, the queasy feeling in my gut mostly boiled down to a change of perspective. Where these roads once granted me access to my heritage, to a whole matrix of family meaning, now I traveled as a trespasser here, the twisted metal ghosts writhing in the awful heat, threatening to overwhelm me with the weight of things lost.

Imagination is such a fickle friend. As a child I had been much easier to scare than my sisters, even the younger one. I did manage as I got older to build some bulwarks against old insecurities, but when my father moved out all those protections dissolved in his wake. At home, sleep eluded me as I lay in bed each night, my body curled like a giant ear, listening for signs of threat. I was the property's sole male protector—no matter that I was woefully inadequate for the job.

It's no surprise that superstitions long at bay mounted fresh offenses in this vulnerable season. Even at fourteen I was the kind of kid

who took it to heart on some level if you accused him of bringing a heat wave from California. Droughts did spook me, since I'd watched a brutal one whiten lawns and kill trees and suck the local reservoirs dry a few years before. With their power to parch, to wither and blight, droughts carry the marks of a potent hex. One drought is all it takes to show you why so many human beings have danced so hard for rain. One was enough to worry me that I might have carried this current curse into my ancestral land. Not that I ever thought this out loud. Only that I took this Missouri dry spell so personally.

After the old folks had gone to bed I would make my nightly nest on the couch and watch TV a while. The ten o'clock news would eventually come on, the weatherman would flash the unchanged picture of the empty heartland sky, and I would dejectedly shut off the tube. In the dark quiet I'd lie there all uncovered, open to the sounds of occasional trucks out on Fifty Highway, their tires singing me west away from the gray house, away from Sedalia, through fields of stunted Missouri corn and on into flat Kansas. I'd cross Kansas and keep on west up the Colorado plateau, then up more steeply over the Rockies' shoulders, down again and up, down and up over the mountains of Utah. The last range left me at the edge of the Great Basin. All the way through that immense desolation I'd follow Fifty Highway, my lifeline, the old cross-country route whose wandering thread I liked to follow with my fingertip across Grandpa's U.S. highway map. I'd grow eager as I spied the Sierras' eastern slope. With a full head of steam I'd climb up my state's noble mountains, curl down along Tahoe's southern shore, then shoot the pass and coast down past Placerville and El Dorado Hills, aiming toward my home town, which happened to also sit near Fifty Highway, the marvelous ribbon of road that tied the two ends of my world together.

But I didn't go home. Instead I followed the sadly familiar route to the house of the girl I'd been breaking my heart over all spring, seeing that place so clearly in my mind, the chocolate-brown sides, the shake roof, the slick speedboat trailered in the driveway. Soon she'd emerge from the front door and climb into my pickup, sliding toward me across the seat. We would set off down Fifty Highway together, but by some miracle of geography we found ourselves on the short stretch of the road leading from Grandpa's place into town. Soon we'd park in front of Leo's Budweiser Bar and I would enter the smoky room a solid man in jeans and work boots, T-shirt and cap, a younger and more potent version of Grandpa blended with an older and more confident version of myself. I had come to throw back a few shots and show people how to shoot pool. The other shooters who hung around Leo's all saved their best stuff for me, but it was never good enough. My stick was way too wicked. As if I needed an extra boost, I also had my girl here, standing by the jukebox where she

waited for me to finish these fools off, collect my winnings, come over and take her by the waist as Loretta Lynn belted out the beginning of some throbbing ballad. We would dance there, bellies pressed tight, until the growls of thunder called us outside to welcome the storm that spelled the end of this awful drought. Side by side in my pickup, the tools of my trade bedded down in locked boxes behind us, we would follow Fifty Highway out of town as the warm wet wind blew through the open windows and lightning flashed out ahead of us like glimpses of redemption. The rain would come pelting and scattershot at first, then thick and steady as we pulled off the frontage road and down the drive, past the darkened gray house and into the salvage yard. We would feel our way down one of the narrow dirt lanes, the wet wrecks on either side revealed by sudden flashes as we wound back past the falling-down house and eased up to Grandpa's vacant perch on the bluff overlooking Muddy Creek, where we killed the engine and embraced above the swelling stream.



"Grass," Jessica Fanzo

Duet

Jeremy Frey

So her red is like winded -

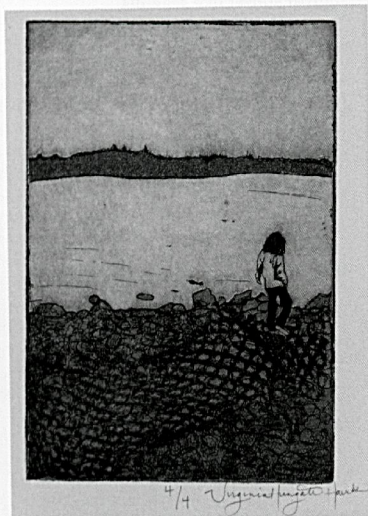
*Your blond was like soothe -
laugh at sunset like seagulls
your laugh a sunset remembered;
which whip above deck, dive, snip
its cruel light still falls on my face,*

flecks of cracker. On the ferry
grimace-fleck of cracker
crossing the Baltic her room
parched lakebed in desert
two doors down. Sand on her lips,
sand blown down desert wind -

sand in the wine. Too much wine!
I have had too much wine,
Lorry drivers lounge late, play cards,
while your father the artist carves
teach me drunk their language.
birds of prey from gnarled mesquite.

Stalas is table, kede
Your family table, one
is chair, bar barostalos,
long love of wood,
no word for stool.
its family-of-five chairs full.

New words constant in speaking
What was it we didn't say?
desire. Tremulous these new terms:
The desire of day
Uz redzčdanos, goodbye.
decays into night.



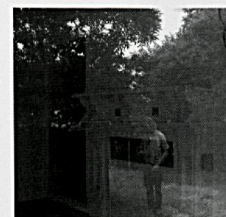
"Beach," Virginia Huntgate-Hawk

The Last Bach Was Green

Kirsten Valentine Cadieux



The tarmac, neatly metallised, sidewalked,
trailed off,
as hill roads do;
we climbed the sweaty path
past framers, concrete trucks, orange earth
movers, to the sheep's ground:
alpine meadow, woolly, with chickens
pecking gravelled dust outside
the old green cottage.



We had seen the cottage,
climbed the hill because of it, but still
hesitated, stopped just
in sight of it, felt watched, paused,
then carried on.



The chickens ignored us
(although the sheep stopped,
chewed for a moment before
bending again),
as did the bach,*
back windows, leaded at the top,
curtained over inside with old sheets,
paper, empty looking,
but filled
with what I can only call my own
longing, a long
view out between the stretched arms
of hills, nestled in sheep, slated for big
homes of people without
sheep,
and embodying, in its last
moments, all illusions of a past
better than it was, when small
houses meant simplicity,
not want,
time to look out to sea, not wish
for more supper (or safe return),
and eat hill garden vegetables
not mutton, again.

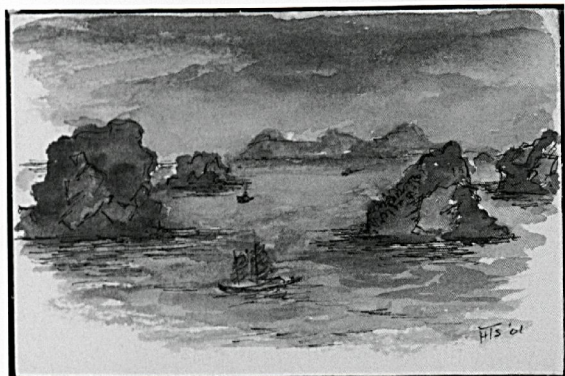


*bach, short for bachelor cottage

Porthole Views

Watercolors by Hazel Stoeckeler

Poems by Elizabeth Weber



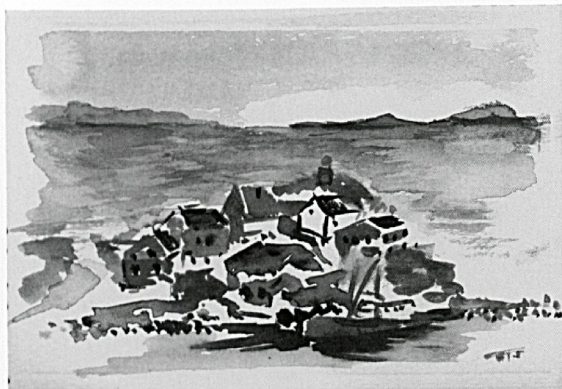
Halong Bay, Gulf of Tonkin, Vietnam 2001

Traditional junks sail among grottos
 Created by wind and waves
 Where the dragon descends into the sea,
 Its tail flailing as it falls, gouging out
 Shark fin-shaped crags and caves.
 Local sailors believe the monster, the Taresque,
 Lives beneath this lapis-colored sea,
 Left from legends, shadow and fog.
 And will take any tourist for enough dong.
 Tourists want to believe in the monster,
 In the dragon's tail, anything besides real life
 Which waits for them back home. The government believes
 In spy boats, as governments always do,
 Sent by imperialists.
 I believe in the junk the sails among these shark fin crags
 I believe in wind and wave
 And peace.



Cape Horn Profile, Chile 1998

Humped like a dragon with glittery green and purple scales,
 Cape Horn sits at the tip of Tierra del Fuego, land of watery, cold fire.
 High rollers batter its shore so hard even rock
 Is ground to sand to line the ocean floor.
 This is where the world ends,
 Where the ocean cascades off its edge,
 A perpetual waterfall, where the dragon below
 Opens its mouth to catch unlucky ships.
 These myths we make up stories to ease our fright, to order the world,
 To show we aren't totally lost.



Honningsvåg, Norway 1993

The town sits on a spit honed sharp by ice and wind.
Land of the midnight sun, so far north, it is on the tip
Of the spinning globe. As a child I wondered why it
Was so cold in these places: didn't the sun shine there?
Cloudberries, oak and birch, fjords, such beautiful words

That paint this place above the arctic circle.

Reindeer, lemmings, kestrels, fox and loon, teal and snipe,

Lapwings and plovers along the rocky shores.

Mackerel, cod and herring pulled from the Barents Sea.

Kroner. I'm in love with words and slap them on thick,

Where should I put them, how to lay them just right, so the scene comes
Alive and shines as this town does.

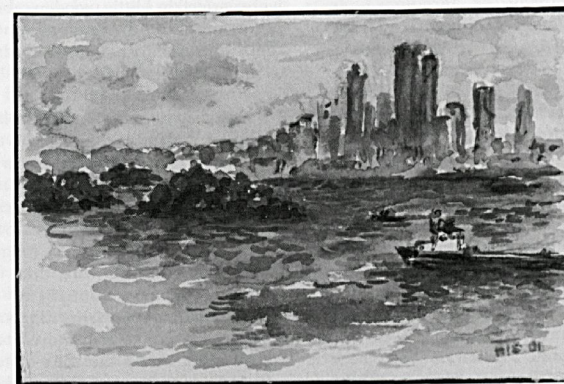
Tiny spit of land, the houses huddled

With water on the three sides, the salt harsh against the skin, the stone and wood?

The mountains across the sound are blue as the water:

They fill the soul. The beacon on the point is dwarfed,

Hardly noticeable. The houses huddle on top of each other for warmth.



Skyline, Singapore 2002

As a child, I thought islands floated on the ocean's surface.
Such immense weight, how can the land carry it

And not sink into the sea?

We live in the air, like birds,

In glass and stone trees.

Glitter steel where swamps used to be.

The land is not recognizable.

Singapore—too light a name for this—

Blinds the eye. From this distance, it looks

Clean and still, all upward pointing

Toward God. We build up, not down,

Preferring the air to dark earth,

To live in the sky,

To grow past the blue sea that holds us.

We don't think of the crush of people and cars

But the geometry of air,

The endeavor to rise.

On the Edge of the Rim

Sam Duwe

While not a significant geographic barrier, the Mogollon Rim may be recognized as a symbol of cultural boundary... thereby posing a set of exceptionally interesting problems for the archaeologist.

- Emil W. Haury, Archaeologist, 1940

What interests me is the quality of the pre-Columbian life, the feel of it, the atmosphere.

- Edward Abbey, 1968

Woody's truck sped away from the twin kiling light of camp, the lanterns and flashlights in the cabins awakening as the sun began to descend over the pines. It passed the Forest Service sign with Smokey pointing to the fire danger (extreme), and rumbled past the little Mormon community of Pinedale, coming to a stop at the highway. He had no idea where he was going.

The fifth week of archaeological field camp was always the hardest. The undergrads wanted the comforts of home and the arms of their significant other. The graduate crew chiefs wanted these things too, but were also feeling the pressure and anxiety of the uncovered and unknown earth. Things went always too slow - more dirt should be moved, more ground covered, more pottery washed and analyzed. It was on the verge of becoming obsessive, with excavations resuming in the dim light of dusk and exhausted faces sipping PBR too late into the night.

It was in this atmosphere of tattered nerves that he finally had to leave. It wasn't that he didn't love his work or could imagine doing anything else, it was just that over the past few weeks he played with the ideas of driving away: from the dig, from his career, from his life. He would

go somewhere remote (the southern Rockies were perfect) in a little wooden cabin on the edge of the forest and then move from time to time, sending his family blank postcards periodically to indicate his being alive.

He had always had a ten-year plan, and exact sequence of planned events that would lead him to his goals. A successful career, a family, and a little house on the outskirts of a pretty little college town with a picturesque church steeple in the middle. And maybe leather patches on the elbows of his tweed jacket, for good measure. The funniest part was, his friends and committee members bought it. In fact, they expected him to dig, write, dig, write, get a job, write, marry a nice girl, and write some more. That's what made the idea of leaving more enticing: no one expected him to chop wood and fix cars for a living.

The further he got from camp the better he felt, passing the small little communities that dot the pine covered landscape. He could drive all night, passing Phoenix by nine and reaching the ocean by early morning. Then he could drive to coastal highway slowly, eating hamburgers at the stands that Steinbeck described while smelling the cool salt breeze. Then back over the desert across Nevada and Utah and then to Colorado, where he'd find a job in the San Luis valley washing dishes. He'd go fishing in the quick, clear streams of the Sangre de Christos.

But as he drove he saw Smokey again, seemingly pointing beyond the fire danger sign towards the south, to the Rim. Never one to argue with Smokey Bear, the car pulled off the highway onto the dirt forest road leading to the edge of the Plateau.

The Mogollon Rim defines the edge of the Colorado Plateau, the big raised upland of which the Rockies formed and the canyons cut. Running across Arizona into New Mexico, the Rim is sometimes a gentle slope, other times a sheer cliff. It separates the pines and wide expanses of sagebrush from the hot, dry basin-and-range country to the south: the stinking desert. Geologically, it's an escarpment formed by the tilting, faulting, and uplifting of the Plateau. Geographically, it's a line on the Arizona map. But culturally, it was (and still is) regarded as a boundary. In prehistory the Ancestral Puebloans farmed and foraged in the north, while the Hohokam and their cousins adapted incredibly large-scale agriculture and sedentism to the south. The ancient populations traded and interacted, but it seems that the Rim was some kind of demarcation, maybe based on environment, maybe something else, between prehistoric Arizonans.

The Rim was like the edge of the world, the ponderosas dropping away as his eyes followed the rolling, descending hills to the south. Down a couple thousand feet were oaks, then scrub, then cacti and dry washes. And Phoenix with its too many people and Tucson with the University and responsibilities.

It has been the preoccupation with science, maybe with Western culture altogether, to create typologies, draw lines on a map, and stick stuff in neat boxes. In essence, to turn people into numbers to be analyzed with multivariate statistics. Archaeology, in particular, has had "physics envy" as the old joke went. We have focused on boundaries in the delineation of cultural units, but have neglected the purpose and significance of boundaries themselves.

The Rim is one of those boundaries, and the people who lived there is the past have been seen as living on the extreme edge of the Pueblo world, frontiersman without the coonskin caps.

The summer's excavations were exposing a Great Kiva community, a small block of rooms attached to a very large circular kiva, or public ceremonial space. It was built by migrants from Chaco in the tenth century, the first full scale settlement of the region. The students took layer upon layer of dirt and rocks out of the rooms, filled from almost a millennia of geology. They were finding ancient roof beams and pieces of pottery, and occasionally grinding stones, all the mundane markers of existence.

Digging had been hard, and as Woody lifted himself out of the car he felt the aching of his shoulder muscles and thighs. The ash not washed away by the monsoon rains still blew into his crew's eyes, forcing him to buy children's swim goggles so the students could see. There was nothing better than working for eight hours in the sun then to spend the evenings looking at the stars and want to do it all over again. No one in the whole world knew what was under that next 10 centimeters of dirt, and tomorrow it would be seen for the first time.

Later on, after looking at the pottery from the site, he would learn that these people of the great kiva community were trading pots with folks from the south. On the edge of the frontier, these puebloans were probably interacting regularly with the foreigners, but were still practicing a northern way of life. The Rim was a place that could be crossed, but separated two people with very different backgrounds and histories.

Sitting down on a log overlooking the cliff edge he lit a Black and Mild and thought of his life. In many ways, he was at a break too, a boundary. His old past in the Midwest with college and family was over, a romantic memory of snow and leafy trees. He would visit home occasionally, but things would never be the same and an unknown future lay over the edge. It has been said you can't go home again. Well, you can, but home never sees you in the same way.

As the sun started to descend below the piney hills, he remembered all the things he had to do, the excavation, the teaching, the writing, and the putting up with whiney students. But he also smiled when he thought of the team's excitement when they found a room floor. And the way that the pine duff smelled in the early morning. And how he could go into a small town and nod to strangers on the street. And how, at the end of the day, when he was covered with dirt and could blow black snot out of his nose, he was proud to be an archaeologist.

Eventually, around AD 1400, people left the Rim country for unknown reasons, possibly related to the environment, social obligations, or maybe it was just time to move on. The journeyed north and east, to the pueblos of Hopi and Zuni, Acoma and the Rio Grande. These people were at a turning point too, and probably looked out over the same expanse to the south when deciding on what direction to take. They had the option of heading south,

running from the life they knew, pursuing a happiness that just had to be over that next range. But the pueblos of the Rim stuck it out, joined up with families and friends in new places, and stayed a course that has lasted into the present.

The clouds were building above the hills behind him, an indication that maybe the monsoon rain for which the Zunis danced the weekend before was finally coming. It would turn the roads to mud and make the excavation units into small ponds. But it would also wash away the destruction of the recent fires and turn the deserts below him green. He remembered his friends, both at home and at camp. The latter would be covering for his absence at the staff meeting right now, spinning excuses of emergency phone calls or necessary trips to the bank or laundry. Remembering Dylan:

*With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
Where we together weathered many a storm,
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.*

Ah well, he thought. He wouldn't dislike it so much if he didn't love it, too. This was a good life, better than most, and if the cabin on the edge of the forest would come, it'd be under the auspices of archaeology. Woody eased back into the driver's seat, and rolled back down the bumpy forest road, not to the sea coast to the west or the desert to the south, but back to the pine forests of the Rim.

Destruction Gets Done

Violet Hopkins

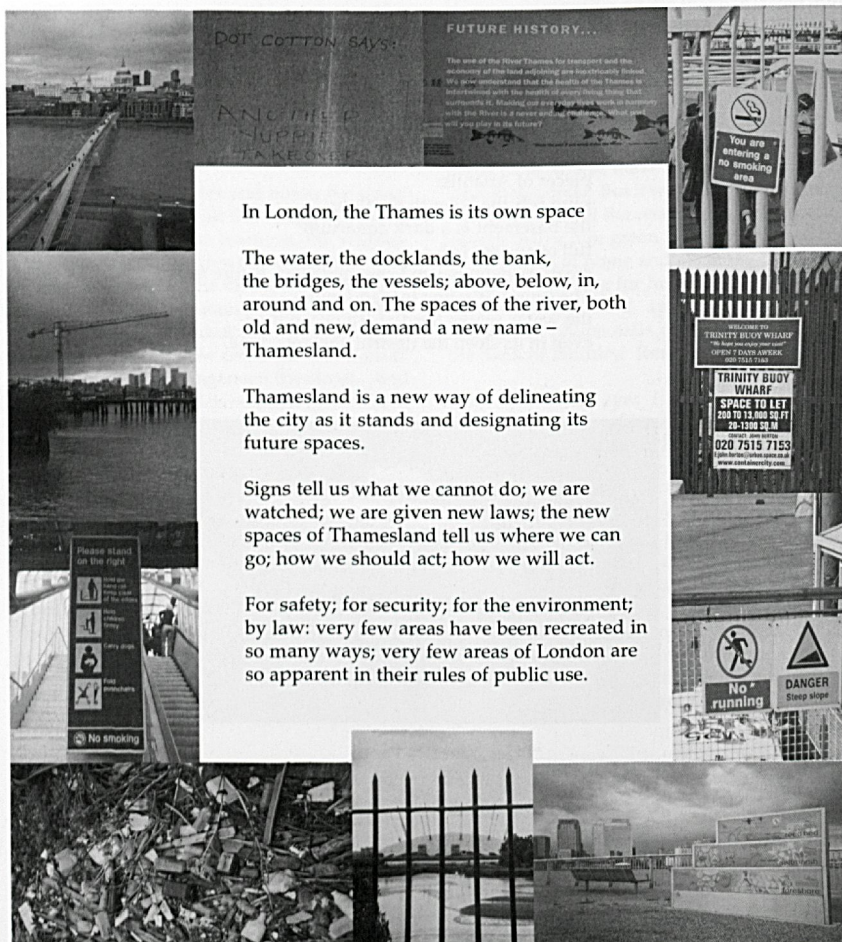
The waves are getting their job done
nearly;
they have eaten the front lawn
and there is seaweed for grass.
The sidewalk is drowned.
Pieces of the porch float off
To other islands. The front door swallows
pieces of Atlantis,
sand fills the holes in the floor,
the basement is a dark aquarium
full of ancient fish
creatures who haven't changed since before fire.
The sound of eating is maddening;
the water works hard at it's occupation-
even in its sleep the destruction gets done.



"Skies," Jessica Fanzo

Thamesland: a moral geography

David Popey



Naming

Jeremy Frey

So the Israelites left slavery, created a new home in the now Middle East, rewrote some of history, both theirs and those displaced. Then Jesus, a Jewish mystic, prophet and political-movement leader, came and went. His followers spread across the world, the Roman Catholic church disseminated their belief, faith and power. Everywhere a cathedral built a history rewritten. Then the Protestant Reformation nailed its theses on the door of western Europe. Much protesting. Much re-forming. From the great tumult of political and religious change which was the Protestant Reformation of the early- to mid-1500s, a group of radicals emerged calling themselves true believers, the brethren.

Those outside called these brethren, somewhat derisively, "ana-baptist." In strict translation "Anabaptist" means *baptized again*, or, loosely, *re-baptized*. By today's definition, an Anabaptist is a member of numerous Protestant sects formed in Europe after 1520. Denying the validity of *infant baptism*, which the dominant churches both held to (millennial-old Catholic and brand-spanking-new Protestant), Anabaptists instead only baptized *believers*, holding to the thought that one has to be an adult to be a believer. For now, let's just say this got them into some hot water. In addition to the new tenant of "believer's baptism," Anabaptists advocated social and economic reforms as well as complete and undeniable separation of church and state. Other Anabaptist distinctions, later added to the mix in setting up our own camp: Marriage only within the denomination, oppose war and any bearing of arms regardless of circumstance, simplicity of living, and plain dress.

Re-vision. Rewriting. Retelling. Re-baptized. Rebellion. As is often the case for revolutionaries,

there was much hell to pay for the price of a slice of heaven. From these early Anabaptist seekers sprouted the sects now known as Brethren in Christ, Dunkers, Hutterites, the Amish, and the Mennonites. I'm one of the latter.

The fourth of four children, I was born and raised in Sarasota, Florida, the southeast's greatest Mennonite community, in size and acclaim, five churches planted in the mid-1900s like five experimental corns. My parents were transplants from Menno-havens such as Souderton, Pennsylvania and Wolcottsville, New York. The family names – Frey, Beiler, Metz, Alderfer – these and about 60-plus other pairs of last names and all their children, for the most part, farming in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Virginia, all the way back to the 1730s and early 40s.

The bulk of these names were boated here at the request of England's king-at-the-time to help tame the child which was growing rapidly into the wild-corn which is America, soon to be a self-chosen bastard-child, a wild crop dismaying the Puritan, still driving him crazy. My ancestors fled to the Colonies from early Swiss Menno-havens, Anabaptist weak-holds where my father's side farmed – towns such as Röttenbach, Zeglingen, Langnau, Steffisburg – in the Emmental, a farming region east and south of Basel where what Americans call *Swiss cheese* comes from, what the rest of the world calls *Emmentaler* cheese. Or Anabaptist weak-holds where my mother's side came from – towns such as Bassensdorf, Bachenbülach, Rüti, Klöten – the villages speckled among the soft hills just north of Zürich.

Mennonites are followers of a mid-1500s *let's-*

*get-on-the-Reformation-bandwagon-&-change-**EVERYTHING!*** group of Christians. Most notable here was Menno Simons, a pissed-off-at-Catholics Catholic priest from Holland. Menno Simons believed in peace, in the separation of church and state, in turning swords into plowshares. These followers were pacifists, quite weak in relation to their neighbors: Catholic or not-so-Reformed Protestants who believed in linking the state with the church. Catholics and Protestants fought each other, then turned on those too bold to follow the old or reformed way, and too meek, and pious, to fight.

My mother's father, Pappy, Pop-Pop, Grandpa Metz, Abram G.-for-Godshall Metz, Metz from the German *metzgerie* meaning *butcher*, Godshall his mother's maiden name, its meaning pretty damn obvious ... Grandpa by trade a butcher of meats and reverend of Mennonites, forty years as minister to Perkiomenville Mennonite Church in southeastern Pennsylvania. *God shall smite thee down* or something near it preached often from his pulpit though somehow he remained loved by his congregants, both cultural Mennos and those converted. Also, a tiny knife-&-blade-sharpening business run from a faded red outbuilding along the stream on his and Gramma Eva's - and after her death, his and step-Gramma Florence's - farmette along the Harleysville Pike. His youngest child my mother, Audrey A. Metz, A. for *Alderfer* her mother's maiden name from the Swiss-German *altörfer* meaning *old village*.

Grandpa Metz and one of his wives used to visit us along the Gulf of Mexico during the Winter Holidays (sorry Pop-Pop, *Christmas*, may you rest in peace) and we'd go outside to toss ball. He loved baseball and thought I did. Baseball on the radio back in Pennsylvania behind the kitchen in Pop-Pop's office; he'd crackle into his wood chair, work on his sermons for the hours it takes to play the game. I often fantasized he would use some form of tobacco in there alone

in his adult male kingdom, the sacred space of office and radio ... perhaps a pipe, I swear I could smell it, but that crop had no place in his life. Like so many other sins banished to the outskirts of camp, the proverbial (Levitical) scapegoating, the smaller sins thrown out to the wilderness, the larger sins creep unnoticed under our skin. Mennonites don't really place *all* their sins out for sacrifice; in fact, I can't recall any ceremony we have for such cleansing.

Then when visiting Florida Grandpa watched baseball - on TV, the World Series - but he never played the game as it was a game and as such shunned by Mennos of his generation like anything the world had in mind for fun. So we'd go outside and toss ball. Usually a tennis ball our birddog, Elijah, had scalped the green fuzz from, lying shredded about the yard. We would toss the bald ball back and forth, both of us stoical, bored out of our minds. But not sinning. What would he say if he knew I many years later had sex with two women? Not sex really, just the beginnings: 6 hands, 3 tongues, 2 women and 1 third wheel, me the instigator and the one left watching. Quite soon actually. Courtney and Rachel seemed quickly oblivious to anything else in the room. So I watched, then listened in the dark, quite soon bored out of my mind. I have a way with the lesbians. Never my way though.

Though I did divorce one. A couple months afterwards my dad's side of the family gathered for Thanksgiving at a retreat center way upstate New York. I decided to directly and simply tell my other grandfather, my dad's dad, Roy M. Frey, M. for Meyer (see the pattern? maternal last name as middle), Frey from the German *frei* meaning *free* from the time of serfdoms for those not slave to either state or belief. I decided to simply state the facts, *She's a lesbian, Grandpa*. He blinked once, there in his soft chair. I took a moment to politely break eye-contact, to give him some time to formulate his thoughts on the matter and for me to recover from what I'd just said to a

grandfather ... behind him, out the crystalline window, the frozen lake duveted under the previous night's downy snow, the evergreen branches over the porch heavy with ice, everything outside as still as Grandpa in his soft chair in his 86th year. Then that face wrenched into tears, one or two wincings of breath then his weeping *She was the light of my life*. My Gramma, his wife of sixty plus years dead now for three, his grief eloquently mingling with mine.

Years later we were visiting in his living room. The tight two-bedroom ranch house he and Gramma, Elsie Ellen Byler, shared for all those years (*Ellen* - don't know what her parents, Jacob Hartzler Byler and Lydia King Kaufman, were thinking). Grandpa Frey and I visiting in his living room, he now shrunken from age, little in his TV-watching (*Jeopardy*, not baseball) and Bible-&-devotions-reading green chair and me leaning toward him to better catch his wrinkled voice, catching up after a few years. His question then about Stephanie, my ex-wife, and me thinking Grandpa was losing his memory and now I'd have to tell him all over again, *She's a lesbian, Grandpa*. So I twitched in my seat, started dumbly with *She's doing well* but then in the pause in which I was gauging my next statement, queer fact or straight fiction?, he spoke his surprise line of thought. In his eyes serious wonderment and a tinge of amusement but mostly bafflement at the science of it all, *How do they have sex!*

Mennonites' eternal struggle seems to be akin to Jacob's wrestling of the angel in his tent in the desert. This *angel* actually an un-translated word for *God* in the older, closer script. The Mennonite seems to ongoingly wrestle the angel of *in-the-world-but-not-of-the-world*, to once be active in creating the kingdom of God, here on earth, and yet judging that same world as not worthy. The Amish, Anabaptist back-to-the-earth types, back in the day followed the lead of Jakob Ammann, pronounced *ah-min*, a pissed-

off-at-Mennonites Mennonite bishop back in 1600s Switzerland. As a child I felt less-than toward the followers of Jakob Ammann because I misthought we the followers of Menno Simons had left the Amish, that we the Mennonites had severed the umbilical cord to their blessed, chosen, righteous calling and subsequent pious lifestyle, we much worldlier than they, when it was indeed *they* who had left *us*.

They left us because they believed Mennonites were becoming too worldly. The Amish returned to an earlier way of life closer to their understanding of the earlier Anabaptist *in-the-world-but-not-of-it*. The Amish seem to not wrestle, definitely not publicly, with their calling to *separate-from-the-world-and-definitely-not-of-it*. The Amish seem to judge the world as fallen, and further contort their beliefs to such an extent as to view the world as not even being worthy of the Kingdom of Heaven. This denial of the world and its myriad people outside them, what the Amish in America refer to as *The English* (the Amish speak a form of German, everyone surrounding them speaks English). This denial a refusal to recognize the angel at the door of their tent. This out-of-hand refusal of the world, for the most part, as if the angel of God of the world appeared and they waved him off with a communal *achtung!* *Not now, we're farming*.

This denial of the angel at the tent, this refusal to wrestle the messenger, has caused the Amish to turn their natural, human wrestling spirit inward, and so intensely as to retard their respect for the Spirit - their inward wrestling so closed, so tight, so unnatural they seem to think even *themselves* unworthy of the kingdom here on earth. It's as if the Amish think they have just left the Garden, banished to a life eternal of struggle with vines and thorns. Called to keep gardening but not called to struggle with other people, with other faiths. Perhaps Heir Ammann stopped reading the Pentateuch just after the best part, the Banishment from the Garden, and

stayed there. They seem to have missed, for instance, the Flood, with Noah and crew *now* having to struggle with other people's of other faiths. I seem too dismissive here, so I confess – the Amish are our cousins, in genealogy, practice, and judgment. And, to be fair, they've got us licked in the simple-living quadrant.

Mennonites, though also holding strong to their judgment of the world, have left the garden, moved in with other people, struggle now not just with their own internal garden, but with the gardens of other peoples. This has saved us from the slow extinction the Amish face, or rather, turn their face from. For the Mennonite, cross-pollination has been inevitable: Mennonites have often taken the twinned work of peace and justice seriously. It's what we're usually best known for in the world; clothing, feeding, educating the disenfranchised ... helping the victims, innocent or guilty, rebuild after war, political violence, or natural disaster.

While many Mennonites have cross-pollinated with others, including what it is the missionaries did with their sexual energy, the cross-pollination known as conversion, heavily from the 1950s through the early 70s (between wars), successful to the point that now, with breeding among the converted themselves included, there are more Mennonites in the southern hemisphere than the northern, more brown Mennonites than Swiss cheese-colored (sorry Grandpa, *Emmentaler*-colored). All this and yet my three siblings and I have yet to produce any non-Menno children.

Back through our ancestry – through Florida, Pennsylvania and New York, through Ohio and Oklahoma ... through the border-crossing which was the Atlantic Ocean for a spell ... through that little town in England where we did or didn't swear allegiance to a king ... through the boarding town of Rotterdam and the rest areas

prior along the Rijn in Holland, the Rhein in Germany ... through all these moves and bumpings against other gardens, all the matings taking place since the Emmental and Zürich regions of Switzerland have bred Menno's by birth, as all those mating through the centuries have shared the Mennonite faith and culture.

But now my family – three out of four siblings divorced from first-marriages to fellow Mennonites – all of my sisters now married to non-Menno's and not having success in pregnancy, cross-pollination a seemingly barren garden. Maybe we're being called toward the Shakers; they don't even pretend to have sex. I'm beginning to suspect an act of God, a curse as responsible for the absence of children by birth in our family as of yet. Our middle names – Ann, Dawn, April, Jon – our parents chose to drop the tried-&-true Mennonite and Amish-Mennonite method of middle-naming children used for centuries. Perhaps God has cursed our parents for this misnaming: The four of us children childless, our parents not yet grandparents.

If I have two boys, I'd choose Jacob Eli Frey and Ezekiel Jae Frey. This way, besides the fun of calling both of them in for dinner, *Jake! Zeke!*, when calling them *on* something could amount to some serious family/faith background education. *Jacob Eli-for-your-great-great-grandfather-Jacob-Hartzler-who's-last-name-goes-way-back-to-seventeen-forty-nine-when-THAT-last-name-came-over-on-the-disease-plagued-rat-infested-ship-named-the-Saint-Andrew-who-was-a-disciple-of-Christ-AND-for-your-great-great-grandfather-Eli-which-is-also-your-grandfather's-middle-name AND Ezekiel Jae-for-]-for-John-your-great-great-great-great-grandfather-who-at-your-age-almost-DIED-crossing-the-Atlantic-emigrating-from-Switzerland-and-barely-escaped-the-burning-stake-Frey-so-you-could-be-FREE-to-piss-me-off ...* all this fun and more. Maybe through these names we'd rid our family line of the curse, regardless of the source.

War in Iraq

Charles Gillispie

Wind is heaped
against our front door,
rattling the screen.
Inside, we unpack –
our second day
in the new house,
pulling tissue-paper
from our artifacts,
curious to hear
the crinkles echo
into an emptiness
full of possibility.
The dogs sniff sausage
and stick to my side.
You come for breakfast
with a newspaper and pat
their bottoms gently.
Our forks tap at the plates
like sword-play. Our mugs
bump against the wood
table filling the room
with nothing but light.
Without curtains, we see
the street outside
and vow to become better citizens
watching tiny leaves
brush across the sidewalk
where they arrive
in front of our house
like so many reasons
fallen from the trees.



"Dune," Jessica Fanzo

Postcolonial Conservatory Camellias

Kirsten Valentine Cadieux

So there you are, sitting in a conservatory in winter, smelling the sun melt snow off the cedar, and pleasantly comparing your warm left side to the feeling of the draft from the door into the house on your right. You're surprised to find you've been thinking about structuralism, suddenly, but perhaps that's because of the second person, a device with which you're unfamiliar, and the not unpleasant but displaced experience of suddenly being told who you are, and what you're experiencing. There is a rose hung on a rubbery suction cup by the door, a rose made of those plastic pellets, which when deposited into the correct compartment, can be melted down into a plastic approximation of stained glass. It is under this rose that you hang the note telling yourself whether or not the door heading from the conservatory out to the road has been alarmed. Thinking about the note explicitly, rather than just in its usual role as an unnotable mnemonic, you consider whether this is inviting for thieves, but you pass over that thought as if it had not been there at all, as you so rarely alarm. Instead you reflect on the camellias. They've been dead, which is interesting, even in a plant. One dead leaf hangs from the larger of two leggy stumps, providing measure for the reviving small delicate leaves that look like plastic with the sun shining through them. The smaller stump has no dead leaves, and just barely any leaves at all—all smaller than a squirrel's ear, you think, and are lost for a moment in an account of depression era apple farming in America you were reading this morning, with some poor inept woman trying to figure out how to pesticide.

You think you might like to think in Italian for awhile, thinking about the verb to pesticide, and

then you're back with the camellias, a plant that makes you feel self conscious and bumbling, large and ignorant, because it is an emblem of an empire you are part of, the kind of thing these old imperials have in their conservatories, and they inhale deeply when they talk about them and assume everyone knows the exquisiteness that can only be conveyed by Camellia, but you think they are rather coarse and thick, not at all what you'd think as evocative, even of a home left behind. They seem tropical and out of place, stretched in this snow, even in here, and the dead leaf makes you feel smug because it supports the feeling that the contrast of such bitter snow and the periods of hotness, like now, must be too much.

You dream of lilacs and apple trees and of this snow melting, and feel a defiant colonial child, with some appreciation of daffodils in England in April of course, but a strength of conviction that can only come from having made it through long winters and an impudence related to liking mud season.

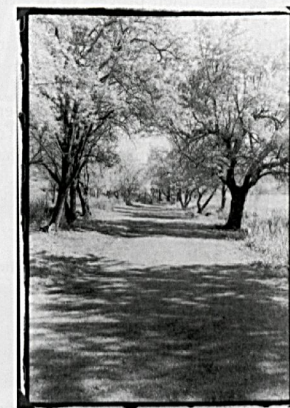
You are a Yankee in Canada, and you grin at the passing traffic, squinting against the glare and feeling superior but also noting that displaced feeling of unsettled curiosity and disorientation when you look out into the grid beyond the end of the street.

The conservatory sits on the top of West Hill, patched on to the front of the last house before what they consider here to be a precipitous drop into the valley, the last house before the presbyterian church and parsonage gate the road from both sides and look up disapprovingly at traffic flung from the grid. This is the Old version of the road that now

bypasses the valley in order to maintain grade with the grid, if not to achieve parallel, and so facing southeast, you can look down a hundred years of change from this old schoolhouse mudroom to the beginnings of what must be the buildings of the golden mile. You were reading about the history last night, and you are now piecing it together, but speculatively (that's probably not the golden mile itself you see, but its 1960s highrises are probably indistinguishable from the real thing).

After years of riding the bus confused about why a grid of such ugly suburbs, towers, factories, and strip malls would form, the history has made it as simple as the people seem to think who looked puzzled at your puzzlement: it was just a bunch of uncoalesced settlements with no core when the suburbs hit, no mesh to the interstices to organize it, just a theoretical grid. Perspectival space struck again, here, and in such sharp contrast to the more medieval space of New England, each settlement butted up against the others with woodlots and outer pastures, each planning district separate and arcane in its own way, suburbs contorting to hundreds of years of boundary disputes and commons practices, large modernist beltways compromising with desire lines to form taut streams of cars through densely layered space. So the rawness of modernity that strikes you here, again and again, sharp slaps from numbing repetition of roofing or of parking spaces, seven lane arterials, flaking modernist housing projects, is penetrable through its history, if not its flat grid landscape, whereas the history of your home feints, dissembles, tries to tell a story through the landscape that has modernized only at great struggle.

There are as many people there, though, in that sprawled Boston conurbation as in this Golden Horseshoe, but there is no grid, and can it be perspective makes all the difference? If space is already organized, and all you have to do is fit your piece of it into its allotted slot, does that procure a different engagement than a plat of less ordered ideology, a honeycomb of smallness, not radiating along a central place theory hierarchy, but along an aesthetic of history, nature, antithetical engagement with modernity? I am compelled by it, although you, in your late morning conservatory sideroad sun, have been freed from it by the grid.



"Desert Walk," Virginia Huntgate-Hawk

The Bees: an Introduction



Brian Marks, PhD student in the University of Arizona Department of Geography and Regional Development, spoke with cultural workers from the Beehive Design Collective to discuss the large pen and ink posters they create to educate people about globalization in the Western Hemisphere. The Bees explained their process to create the posters and how they use them.

The Beehive is currently recognized for three types of work: their educational *graphics campaigns*, their *stone mosaic murals*, and their commitment to revitalizing the *Machias Valley Grange Hall*, a landmark building in their hometown of Machias in northern Maine. Their graphics campaigns have taken the form of posters and banners, of which they have now independently distributed over 55,000. They distribute the posters at conferences, convergences, fairs, and use their banners to present traveling "picture lectures" that involve walking groups through the metaphors of their imagery. Their stone mosaic work is individually commissioned and carried out by both bees and apprentices. The profits they make from poster sales funds the renovation of the Grange Hall in which the bees live.

The Bees' mission is to "cross-pollinate the grassroots" with anti-copyright material intended to be used as educational and organizing tools. There is no specific artist to take credit for their graphics; they choose to work anonymously to take the "who made that" and "how much does it cost" out of their work. In their life span they have been slowly creating a trilogy of posters about globalization; the first is Plan Colombia, the second, the Free Trade Area of the Americas, and the third, which is still on the drawing table, is called the Mesoamerica Resiste campaign. This can be previewed in detail on the opposite page.

A more in-depth inquiry into the nature of the Bees' work including their thoughts on popular education, how their methods are similar to map-making, and the need for visual story telling in these times, look for an interview with them in the 2006 issue of *you are here*. For more information check out www.beehivecollective.org.



Burial Rights: San Francisco, Colma, and the Decomposition of Recollection (An Excerpt)

Ramsey Scott

1 *Here lies...*

A story of the cemeteries of 19th century San Francisco might begin with their demise: their dilapidated conditions increasingly drew the complaints of neighbors, and the occasional, unsanctioned disinterring of corpses did not please families of the deceased. The city passed a series of legal procedures that laid the groundwork for an enormous—if not bizarre—urban renewal project that would have a direct effect on an unexceptional community of farms directly south of the city, in an area that was first called “Lawndale.”

The massive relocation of former San Francisco residents was needed, according to city officials and newspaper editorialists of the time, to rid the city of the terrible cemetery “winds” which resulted in “invisible effluvia that rise in the air from the cities of the dead,” containing “gaseous poisons of the most deadly character.”¹ In addition, the amount of earth the city had reserved to bury its dead had become a hindrance to the land-hungry speculators seeking quick profits. Overcrowding resulted in the need for new burial grounds at the same time that land throughout the city was becoming scarce. In 1860, the archbishop of San Francisco oversaw the opening of a new cemetery six miles to the south. Over the course of the next seventy years, many remains would be buried or reburied in this suburban necropolis.

To recall the haphazard interring of the dead in early San Francisco—a haphazardness that resulted in the occasional reappearance of skulls during heavy rains, and that necessitated the eventual removal of tens of thousands of

corpses—is to recapitulate the history of Western expansionism in miniature. Midway between past and present, a vault swings open: rich in myth and short on substance, the dream history of the American West occupies a way station where each sleeping traveler is wrapped in frayed pages of newspaper clippings; layer upon layer of text tattered, torn, peals and scatters, revealing fragment upon fragment of faded narrative.

At the memorial for 35,000 unknown remains reburied at Cypress Lawn Memorial Park (most of them taken from what was formerly known as Laurel Hill Cemetery in San Francisco), a man whose exaggerated proportions are sculpted in bronze digs with a pointed spade while a woman rests nearby, a child in her lap. Behind them, wagon trains stretch out toward the two-dimensional granite horizon. Next to this family, a single obelisk reaches into the sky. The man depicted in this monument calls to mind the unknown citizen-soldier of California’s past, a mythic hero whose presence at the cemetery beckons to the future as well as to the recently deceased, asking that any and all take refuge at his side. And yet, there is no mention of the Ohlone Indians who once roamed the San Bruno Mountains that shield the park from the expressways to the west and east. Even in the cemeteries dug in order to accommodate the twice-laid-to-rest, eternity has a remarkably short life. Cypress Hills Golf Course was built on top of Sunset View Cemetery. Few graves, if any, were exhumed.²

2 *Blessed are ye dead...*

By 1891, several transportation plans were offered on two daily scheduled trains³ to move

bodies. By 1901, the Board of Supervisors of the city of San Francisco had voted to disallow burials within city limits; by 1914, they had succeeded in evicting most cemeteries from the city entirely. As a result, hundreds of thousands of graves were dug up and moved to the “Lawndale” area. If families could not pay the cost of reburial or could not be located, graves were simply covered over in the construction of new homes, parks, businesses, schools. City Cemetery would eventually become California Palace of the Legion of Honor; Laurel Hill, one of the largest cemeteries with some 38,000 remains, would become the Richmond District, a sprawling, middle-class residential area.⁴ “That 3,000 fewer bodies were exhumed than expected [from the Laurel Hill site] was never explained.”⁵ Unclaimed monuments and headstones from city cemeteries “were unceremoniously dumped in San Francisco bay... Others, along with elaborate stone work, were strewn along San Francisco’s Ocean Beach...”⁶

The new cemeteries built to replace the decaying burial grounds of San Francisco strain insistently toward a nonexistent antiquity. The purchase of history itself has been underway for too long. In Central California, at the Mission San Juan Bautista’s visitor center, tourists might notice a small sign stating that “buried in this ground in unmarked graves are about 4,300 Mission Indians...” A web site dedicated to the Mission further underscores the degree to which the exploitative system of virtual slavery under which most missions functioned is ignored, explaining that these Indians “were friendly and came to help build the mission... The Indians built all of the buildings and did nearly all the

work... The Indians at this mission liked the lifestyle so much that they needed to enlarge the church to hold 1,000 people.”⁷ These “Mission Indians” were from the Ohlone tribe; many of them were native to the San Bruno Mountains and the rolling hills of Lawndale that would become the burial grounds for San Francisco.

Written across America, the insanity that marks the history of this country is inscribed on the little plaques that interrupt checkerboard arrangements of floor tiles filling shopping malls, that adorn the walls of banks, that occupy signs cars fly by on freeways.

3 *To our dearly departed loved one...*

The intersection of history and commerce has become so complete that it is increasingly impossible to distinguish between the two. Is New York’s South Street Seaport an historical site, or a mall? Can history as narrative exist without commerce?

“Interestingly, despite Colma’s many millions of permanent residents, there is not a single ghostly tale or legend associated with the town.”⁸ Consider the possibility that ghost stories are everywhere becoming more scarce, but leave open the possibility that there will be new ghost stories, stirred by the acceleration of technologies toward unpredictable ends. Read Wanda Coleman’s poem, “Los Angeles Born & Buried:”

hear the automobile coffins? they
drive crazy drive wild
glide noisily thru this
burning smoggy sky and arid steel

gray desert neath which
 has been interred
 the beauty of my red beardless eagle-
 eyed forebears...

yes, they abandon her to die, the men
 who have no power
 leave her to the arms of
 still gray desert where she glides
 under sun in her sepulcher
 on wheels
 drives crazy drives
 wild...⁹

Perhaps the ghosts are already here—perhaps
 they are the ones behind the wheel.

Imagine purchasing your future permanent
 residence in Colma. Do not be deterred by the
 fact that certain plots have been less than
 permanent—that, for example, although
 Cypress Hill Golf Course replaced Sunset View
 Cemetery while constructing its eighteen holes,
 it later sold nine of those holes to Hoy Sun
 Cemetery so that they could be reconverted into
 graves. Such developments create the
 possibility that your remains will become
 unknown, will join the “imaginary community”
 Benedict Anderson locates in the tomb of the
 unknown soldier:

No more arresting emblems of the
 modern culture of nationalism exist
 than cenotaphs and tombs of Unknown
 Soldiers. Yet void as these tombs are of
 identifiable mortal remains or immortal
 souls, they are nonetheless saturated
 with ghostly national imaginings.¹⁰

Thus, writes William Carlos Williams:

It is only in isolate flecks that
 something
 is given off

No one
 to witness
 and adjust, no one to drive the car¹¹

Colma, like Williams' New Jersey, is filled with
 luminary halos of the city that always exists
 just beyond the horizon.

At the fringes of the city, space refuses to compose
 itself into blocks that can be conveniently
 measured in square feet; seeping outward, the
 remainders of social and environmental
 inequalities seek out openings or subdivide into
 smaller and smaller pieces in order to claim
 space. Proliferation and accumulation of
 supplementary effects causes more proliferation
 and accumulation while still, anywhere and
 everywhere, one senses that something is
 lacking. Suburb and cemetery converge.

The sensation of becoming lost in a suburban
 neighborhood such as those that surround San
 Francisco unfolds in reverse: moving forward,
 one is immediately aware that what lies ahead
 is what lies behind, replicated to infinity. The
 breaking of new ground in such developments
 foretells the reburial of the already dead in the
 city of Colma.

The “isolate flecks” that define our momentary
 perceptions do not fit neatly onto the
 monuments that mark the mass graves in
 Colma, nor do they fit neatly into the
 consciousness of the poet himself. When a
 specific memory cannot be accommodated, a
 substitute is called in to replace it, or else it is
 simply altered, forgotten, erased, repressed. In
 the immediacies that govern perceptions and
 reactions, that infect memories and insert
 themselves into one's consciousness, particles
 are constantly dividing and reconvening in
 progressively smaller scales, a fractal geometry
 of human experience that inevitably escapes
 itself, that eludes definition, that cannot be
 revealed for “what it is.” What happens when

the immediate familiarity of the present
 overwhelms the ability of the subject to frame
 his or her experience in language? What
 happens when “what is” appears to be exactly
 like what just was? When the “new
 development” appears to be an exact replica of
 the old development, relocated?

Take a simple reburial, for example, the same
 old bones. Whose bones are they if they can be
 moved around like chess pieces? Everywhere
 the West is plagued by the mythic frontiersman,
 overseeing the erection of cardboard tombs for
 suburbanites already living there or
 elsewhere...

Which on account if without flavor [writes
 Gertrude Stein,]

Shall they be shamed with generation
 They can leave it half as well.

I wish to remind everybody nobody hears me
 That it makes no difference how they do
 What they do...¹²

Can this be the new destiny? The new
 superfluidity of environments, the
 unobstructed flow of sameness? The “pure”
 production of the nameless and faceless dwellers
 transplanted to unfamiliar ground, only to be
 confronted by a strange familiarity that infects
 the “new” spaces these dwellers inhabit?

4 O Death...

In Colma, the uncomfortable proximity to the
 dead is balanced by the comfortable
 proximity to freeway ramps, gently winding
 car-commercial roads, stop lights, and chain
 stores.

“In Colma, funeral processions have the right of
 way. Cutting into line was made illegal in
 1929.”¹³ This law does little to prevent the
 interruption made visible by the funeral
 procession itself, which leads to the ultimate
 resting place that, though it has been exiled from

the city of San Francisco, waits at the end of
 every block for its next initiates: “In Colma,
 death is a part of daily life. Black hearses, often
 accompanied by motorcycle escorts, lead...
 seemingly endless funeral processions.”¹⁴ Split
 into its “unincorporated” and “incorporated”
 parts, its shopping centers and cemeteries,
 respectively, there is little threat that a funeral
 procession will interrupt the flow of commerce.
 The boundary between these two spaces is not
 marked; as Walter Benjamin writes of Paris, “As
 threshold, the boundary stretches across
 streets; a new precinct begins like a step into
 the void—as though one had unexpectedly
 cleared a low step on a flight of stairs.”¹⁵

Drive north or south on El Camino Real, the
 corridor of stoplights that runs from San
 Francisco through Colma to San Jose, and you
 will discover a seamless stretch of suburban
 enclaves whose boundaries are invisible except
 for the signs notifying motorists of new
 municipalities. The watery extension of houses,
 filling cracks in hillsides and collecting at the
 lowest points, seems to fulfill the simplest laws
 of nature, at the same time that the ubiquitous,
 superfluous quality of the construction would
 seem to violate those selfsame laws. Defying
 gravity, such houses stretch toward another
 dimension beyond the dimension that holds
 those who dwell in their interiors. Perhaps it is
 this strange synthesis of aquatic and plastic
 characteristics—the tendency for the suburb to
 appear as if it had simply assumed the shape of
 the objects with which it is surrounded, at the
 same time that it appears to have been created
 out of nothing real, and to have created the
 things that surround it from this same unreal
 substance—that allows the suburb to be always
 exterior to itself, to have no center, to repel
 inquiry. It may even be the case that this
 exteriority, this being foreign even as it is being
 itself, makes the suburban also somehow
 supracolonial; it is neither here nor there, he nor
 she, we nor they.

Inside the Cypress Lawn Memorial Park Main Office, a waiting room of white couches and cherry wood armchairs surrounds a small coffee table, on which rests the self-published history, *Cypress Lawn: Guardian of California's Heritage*. "As both Cypress Lawn and its clients built memorials and commissioned fine art," the book states, "this collective process gradually transformed the Colma hillside to a place of grand beauty."¹⁶

This statement reveals something fundamental to the ethos that defines Colma: in a town built by the cemetery industry, the landscape has served as the raw material out of which to fashion a sprawling commercial complex of mausoleums, crematoriums, cenotaphs, crypts, sepulchers, mass graves. With the uniformity promised by commercialism, at the same time that the suburban is neither here nor there, it is also here and there, the other and itself at the same time. The spread of strip malls and cardboard houses is happening not only in real time, but exponentially, because each addition is itself at the same time that it is more than itself, it is also all its other identical selves, a fact of which its inhabitants are increasingly, uncomfortably aware.

When your children have grown and you have relocated to an age-appropriate living environment, have them take you golfing at Cypress Hills Golf Course. Admire, from this hillside haven, the reiteration of graves across the opposite hillsides, and even closer to you, just beyond the rough, where signs alert you to

the fact that balls hit into the cemetery are out of play. This is the end: plot your burial amidst talk of backswings, titanium putters, and the dimple design of competing golf ball brands. Admire, as you wait to take your last tee shot, the low hum that rises over the ridge behind you, the hum of highways and housing developments and hopeful children whisked through yellow lights by parents bearing the self-assured grins of new home security system owners. This is California, this is, this is—the end.

Endnotes

¹ Quoted by Michael Svanevik and Shirley Bugett's *City of Souls: San Francisco's Necropolis at Colma* (San Francisco: Custom and Limited Editions, 1995), 33.

² *City of Souls: San Francisco's Necropolis at Colma*, 124.

³ *ibid.*, 29.

⁴ Today, the only open space left over from the days of Laurel Hill Cemetery is a children's playground of the same name, miniscule in comparison to the original size of the cemetery.

⁵ *City of Souls: San Francisco's Necropolis at Colma*, 43-44.

⁶ *City of Souls: San Francisco's Necropolis at Colma*, 45.

⁷ <http://www.cuca.k12.ca.us/lessons/missions/Bautista/SanJuanBautista.html#community>

⁸ *City of Souls: San Francisco's Necropolis at Colma*, 12.

⁹ Wanda Coleman, *Heavy Daughter Blues* (Santa Rosa: Black Sparrow Press, 1987), 162.

¹⁰ Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities* (London: Verso, 1983), 9.

¹¹ William Carlos Williams, *Imaginations* (New York: New Directions, 1970), 133.

¹² *Stanzas in Meditation*, 158.

¹³ *City of Souls: San Francisco's Necropolis at Colma*, 3.

¹⁴ *ibid.*, 11.

¹⁵ *The Arcades Project*, 88.

¹⁶ *Cypress Lawn: Guardian of California's Heritage* (Hong Kong: Cypress Lawn Memorial Park, 1996), 25.

Ozette Suess

Andy Bach

It began long ago before I was born,
In a land filled with mist, mystic and forlorn.
We are looking at the northwest coast,
Where the environment is different than most.
Rain falls continuously for days and days.
Month after month the totals do raise
Over 300 cm annually the records do say!
Only in summer does the sky not spray.
With all this moisture the forest never burns
Hence the trees grow thick and are covered with ferns
Without disturbance the tree composition is thin.
Only four dominant species are found within.
Western Hemlock, and two cedars, red and yellow,
But it's Sitka Spruce defining this fellow.
In 1953 the area became part of Olympic National Park.
As a wilderness area, logging has never left a mark.
Does this mean no human had touched this land?
There was occupation, over 3500 years spanned.
They called themselves *Qwiqwidicciat*, but we call them Makah.
If you'd been at their village, this is what you saw.
Their homes of planked cedar lined the coast.
They lived quite well, from the sea they gathered the most.
Fish, urchins and seals, they hunted and collected.
The best fishing grounds were proudly protected.
Then two Norwegians homesteaded in 19 and 08.
It seemed like home and they thought it was great.
Loneliness and hardship caused Pete Roose to depart.
He left in the '30s looking for a new start.
But Lars Ahlstrom stayed at his homestead.
He didn't leave until the '60s instead.
This style is awkward, but it might make you grin.
Now you know the background. Are you ready to begin?
What am I researching? What question do I ask?
It is a management problem that I task.
Amidst the thick natural forest can be found
Several meadows, called prairies, where you can see the ground.
The prairies contain unique ecosystems today.
One question arises: has it always been this way?
Did the Makah or homesteaders clear the trees?
Or was it climatic, did they die from a big freeze?

This question is of importance for another reason too.
The forest is invading and the Park does not know what to do.
The information we seek has to do with their history.
We looked at photos, soils, tree-rings and sediments in the laboratory.

First we used repeat air photos to see
If these landscapes have changed their geometry.
The photos were scanned and georeferenced in ArcGIS
Vegetation cover was digitized, it was a mess.
We found that the trees clearly are invading.
Especially during the '90s, the prairies are fading.
Roose's Prairie has lost 33 percent since 1964,
But at 54 percent, Alhstrom's has lost more.
As the trees grow, their branches begin to shade.
Thus the open and wetland vegetation begins to fade.
Tree establishment was determined for each prairie.
The correspondence with homesteader departure did not vary.
It appears prairie existence is dependent on human activity.
What about prehistory, how did the prairies come to be?
A look at the soils gives us a clue.
Charcoal is present, right on cue.
So then the wetlands of the prairies we cored.
Through peat, lacustrine and glacial sediments we bored.
Seventeen wood samples were radiocarbon dated.
From these, stratigraphic units were related.
The Holocene environmental history was derived
From the interpretation of sediments and fossils that survived.
Most important was a record of charcoal abundance.
Giving us an idea of how often fires burned once.
Underneath the wetlands, like on the surrounding hills.
We found glacial deposits: outwash and tills.



Sitka forest, 1970



Sitka forest, 1998

After the glacier retreated this land was covered with a lake.

Particle-size distributions suggest this is no mistake.

The lake lasted until about 8000 years ago,

Then it silted up and a wetland began to grow.

Within this unit wood fragments are profuse.

What's more, much of the wood is charred, fires were on the loose.

At 2000 years BP the wetland made a transition.

The forest apparently disappeared from this position.

Like today, only sedges and mosses covered the ground.

Wood fragments are rarely found.

Within the upper unit several charcoal peaks were counted.

Each peak suggests a fire had mounted.

The fire frequency indicates about 200 years between each fire.

Elsewhere in the west this frequency is much higher.

But remember where we are, a place where the rain never tires.

Nearby fire histories indicate 1000-4000 years between fires.

So these are the data, what did we find?

This landscape is dynamic, one of a kind.

Its Holocene history follows the regional trend,

Especially when you consider bog succession to the end.

The charcoal data clearly show anthropogenic activity.

The dating fits the archeological record without negativity.

Prehistorically this land was a forested quagmire.

Once humans arrived they set it ablaze with fire.

They cleared the trees from the land,

So they could more easily pick berries by hand.

The burning continued as a family tradition.

After the Makah left, the homesteaders continued the condition.

But once the hardy Norwegians moved out

The native trees quickly began to sprout.

Without fire the saplings were able to grow.

The forest has re-established without this foe.

Thanks for reading through my work.

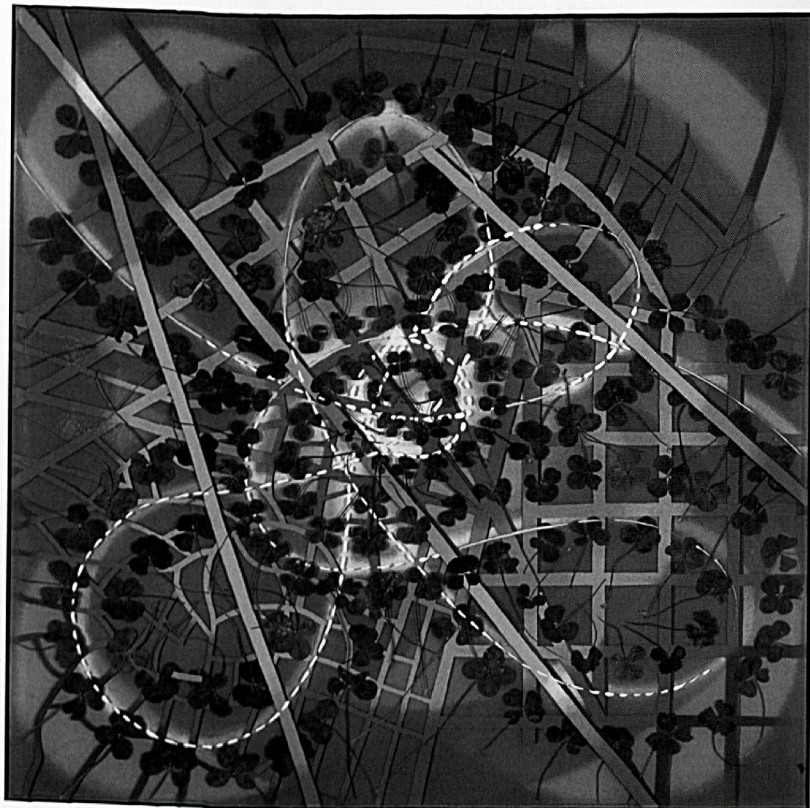
I hope the style didn't make you think I'm a jerk.

Now I will end, for I need a drink of juice.

Oh yes, of course, I must thank Dr. Suess.

Four: Trail, 2004

Leslie Hirst



My compositions are derived from direct contact with the land as opposed to my view of it. I come by this instinctually through my experience as a distance runner, often envisioning myself as a pencil point, drawing a path through the landscapes I traverse. This *drawing* has less to do with a visual impression of my surroundings than it does a perceptual one, as it is imperative that my eyes never leave the portion of earth that is directly in front of my feet. As a result, I absorb the stories of the land endogenously, unearthing the surface phenomena of spaces and settlements to discover the enchantment and significance of *place*.

Finding is a process that steers my imagination. As I find my way through the environment, I collect markers from my journey: relics of passage and time. These markers symbolize the very act of finding as they are represented by the four-leaf clovers that I gather along my way. Furthermore, the four stems of the clovers create the shape of the "x" that is synonymous with the symbol that marks the spot on a treasure map, reinforcing the premise that what is valuable is unique and hard to find. I allow my movement to be dictated by these markers, following patches of green through parks, trails, back yards and parking lots, while also internally collecting the sights, sounds, smells and textures of my surroundings.

My collection of clovers are carefully pressed and codified by shape, size, color and the location in which they were found. When enough clovers are archived, a drawing is made to reflect my internal mapping of the area in which they were found, using the actual clovers as the medium. After the drawing has been completed, each clover is carefully traced and numbered for its position in the composition so that the drawing can be re-assembled later – a technique employed to deconstruct and move an authentic log home so that each component is replaced precisely where it was originally located. Then, a painting is created with reference to, but not strict adherence to, the clover drawing, as a means for charting my navigation. The two compositions – (the clover drawing and the painting component) – are assembled alternately in layers of epoxy resin, fighting with and engaging one another, symbolic of the way humans build upon and wrestle against nature. The resulting works have a hypnotic quality that is part maze, part map, part memoir, and part magic.



"Crack," John Baldridge (incoming co-editor)

the following

PLACES

appear
in this issue of

you are here



"Kayaks," Virginia Huntgate-Hawk

Arizona, USA	34.3N	111.5W	New Jersey, USA	40.2N	74.5W
Boston, MA	42.36N	71.06W	New Mexico, USA	34.5N	106.2W
California, USA	36.5N	120.5W	Olympic NP, WA	47.7N	123.6W
Canada	55N	94.5W	Phoenix, AZ	33.45N	112.08W
Cape Horn, Chile	56S	68.21W	Pinedale, AZ	34.31N	110.25W
Colma, CA	37.68N	122.46W	Placerville, CA	38.73N	120.8W
Colorado Plateau, USA	37N	111W	Rocky Mtns, USA	47.5N	140W
Colombia	4N	73W	San Bruno Mtns, CA	37.7N	122.43W
El Dorado Hills, CA	38.68N	121.08W	San Francisco, CA	37.78N	122.42W
Fifty Highway	38.5N	121.6 to 75W	San Luis Valley, NM	36.39N	105.57W
Great Basin, USA	40N	117W	Sangre de Cristo Mtns	37.3N	105.3W
Halong Bay, Vietnam	20N	108 E	Sedalia, MO	38.7N	93.2W
Honnigsvag, Norway	70.59N	25.59E	Sierra Nevada Mtns, CA	38.2N	119.7W
Iraq	32.5N	44E	Singapore	1.25N	103.9E
Kansas, USA	38.5N	98.5W	Sonoran Desert, AZ	33.4N	114.15W
Lawndale, CA	33.89N	118.35W	South St Seaport, NY, NY	40.71N	74W
Los Angeles, CA	34.05N	118.25W	Lake Tahoe, CA	38.96N	120W
Machias Valley, ME	44.71N	67.46W	Thames River, London	41.5N	72.08W
Mexico	22.5N	102.5W	Tucson, AZ	32.22N	110.97W
Msn San Juan Bautista	36.85N	121.54W	Utah, USA	39N	115W
Mongollon Rim, AZ	34.3N	110.7W	Western Hemisphere	-90-90N	0-180W
Nevada, USA	39N	117W			

Contributors

Andrew Bach is an Associate Professor in the Department of Environmental Studies at Western Washington University. The work presented here is part of an interdisciplinary project funded by the National Park Service linking the natural environment with prehistoric land management. His daughters Sarah and Katie helped him to view the work with googly eyes.

Kirsten Valentine Cadieux is a student and teacher in geography at the University of Toronto, writing a dissertation on how people in Christchurch and Toronto convince other people to make their everyday landscapes engaging.

Jessica Fanzo lives in New York City and had spent the last 10 years studying the mechanisms of cell death. She has moved on beyond the microscopic world of the laboratory and now does non-profit work and photography. She has been published in *Sleepingfish*, *XCP streetnotes*, *Papertiger's Hutt*, and in the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*.

Jeremy Frey makes his home in Tucson, Arizona. Quite often. Filling his yard with antique urban-yet-rural hip stuff, he finds the city's Brush&Bulky trash days, as well as Freecycle, a goldmine. Long live your stuff! And muchos gracias. (creative work on the web burntpossum.com)

Charles Gillispie is a counselor living in Tucson, Arizona. Most recently, he has published poetry in *Frogpond* and *Modern Haiku*. He has an article describing his work with poetry and counseling forthcoming in the *Journal of Poetry Therapy*.

Giles Goodland is a writer and poet located in London. His poems often use large numbers of other texts as

material. His last book was *A Spy in the House of Years* (Leviathan, UK, 2001).

Leslie Hirst can be found running the trails in and around Baltimore, MD, where she works as a visual artist and teaches at the Maryland Institute College of Art. Her work will be included in an upcoming exhibition at Pavel Zoubok Gallery in NYC in 2006. (Website under construction: please contact lhirst315@yahoo.com for information.)

Violet Hopkins lives in Missoula, MT and works for the University of Montana as a data entry clerk for the Treasurer. She has recently published with *Scheme and Potion*, and is completing her MFA in Poetry.

Virginia Hungate-Hawk, born and raised in Seattle, is a junior at Macalester College in St Paul, MN where she is double majoring in Studio Art and Geography. She has many dreams for the future, and hopes that these two loves will continue to inspire her.

David Popey works as an editor and writer in London. His recent works include *The Brighton Street-Talk Walk* (2003), *The Aerial Atlas of Great Britain and Ireland* (2005) and a play, *The Watchers*, appearing at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival 2005.

Ramsey Scott is a PhD. candidate in English at the Graduate Center, City University of New York, and a Teaching Fellow at Brooklyn College. He likes writing prose.

Hazel Thorson Stoick Stoeckeler's murals adorn the University of Minnesota's College of Natural Resources. Her work is held in many collections including those of the University

of Minnesota and the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington, DC. As a faculty member of Augsburg College of the Third Age, she lectures about the historical and cultural places she has visited.

Bridget Z. Sullivan resides with her two daughters and husband in Baltimore, Maryland. Through her digital imaging work she investigates the human relationship with the Land, Sky, Air and Water. Bridget also works as an Associate Professor in the Towson University Department of Art, located in Towson, Maryland.

Douglas Towne continues his vacillation between the physical and cultural worlds that characterized his geographical career at the University of Arizona (MA, 1986). He works as a hydrologist conducting baseline groundwater quality studies throughout Arizona. In his spare time, he writes for the *Phoenix New Times* and edits the *Society for Commercial Archaeology Journal*.

Elizabeth Weber has two collections of poems, *Small Mercies* (Owl Creek Press) and *The Burning House* (Main Street Rag Press). Her memoir, *In My Brother's Name*, has been accepted for publication by Rowman and Littlefield. She teaches creative writing and literature as an associate professor at the University of Indianapolis.

Andrew Wingfield writes and teaches to better understand how people and places shape each other. His novel, *Hear Him Roar* (Utah State University Press, 2005), explores human-mountain lion interactions in the northern California region where he was raised. He is on the faculty of New Century College, the integrative studies program at George Mason University in Virginia.

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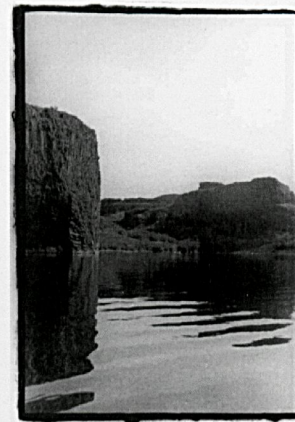
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